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## THE CHINESE COLLECTION, HYDE PARK CORNER.

(Concluded from page 91.)

Case IX. contains, *inter alia*, a beautiful long tea-service of red lacquered or japanned ware; such as forms part of the outfit of a Mandarin, when on an expedition. The fine varnish used as lacquer, distils, like a gum, from a shrub, and more than fifty coats of it are sometimes put on the articles. Another article in this Case is especially worthy of notice, as its properties have posed the *savans* of our country. This is an ancient Metallic Mirror, such as was used in China prior to the introduction of glass. "The back is here presented to the visitor, being ornamented with numerous hieroglyphical figures. The opposite side is highly polished. In many mirrors of this description, is a property that has puzzled the wise. Holding the mirror in the hand, by a knob in the centre of the back, and reflecting the rays of the sun from the polished surface, the exact representation of the raised figures on the back of the mirror are distinctly reflected on a wall, or other level surface. The probable solution of this difficulty is, that the figures seen at the back being of a harder metal than the other plain parts, are inserted into the softer metal; and hence the figures produced in the rays of light, from the imperceptible union of the two metals to the naked eye. In this way, the union of iron and steel, as in Sheffield cutlery, will explain the enigma familiarly."—(Catalogue.)

Case X. contains several lacquered articles of fine execution; but, we were most struck with a bronzed copper hand-furnace, for keeping the fingers warm in cold weather, no gloves being ever worn. Here also is a Compass and Sun-dial combined, which reminds us that the Chinese have no clocks or watches of their own manufacture, although they use both; and a Chinese gentleman invariably wears a pair of watches of European manufacture: if questioned as to the meaning of this seeming extravagance, his reply is: "Suppose one make sick, the other walker." However, the day, divided into twelve parts, each equal to two European hours, is accurately measured by the Chinese by means of a lighted taper, made from the pith of a tree, which burns with almost unerring regularity; just as Alfred measured the hours in England centuries since. In this case also, is the model of a Chinese Coffin, mostly made of cedar: the planks are selected with great care, and brought home with high festivity and music during a person's life-time; and the Chinese have an idea that to do so prolongs life, which is not a *whit* more absurd than the vulgar English notion, that to make a will, or select a grave, shortens life.\* The

Chinese also prepare the garments for a corpse, in the life-time of the person for whom they are intended; and they term the grave "the eternal mansion," which is perfectly in accordance with their belief in the eternity of matter. In this case too, we noticed a pair of scales, adjusted sufficiently to weigh a suspected half-sovereign; and a pair of white metal *cuspidors*, (spitoons,) vase-shaped, and worthy of imitation in our cigar-smoking community. We have often seen porcelain vessels of this shape, without knowing their use; and, doubtless, many articles for domestic use, of foreign manufacture, are frequently considered by us to be mere ornaments.

Case XI. contains an ancient beautiful yellow Vase, with a raised green dragon on it; a mythological emblem of the great dragon attempting to swallow the moon; believed by the Chinese to be the cause of the lunar eclipse: hence, when it occurs, they raise a *charivari*, ("rough music,") with gongs, drums, &c., to scare away the imaginary monster, more frightful than our Dragon of Wantley.

Cases XII. and XIII. much gratified our dowager *penchant*, being filled with China-ware; including some fine specimens, apparently cracked, (or *crackeled*, as the English dealers call it,) an effect produced in the burning; the art of which is believed by the Chinese to be nearly extinct. Here are also vases from 300 to 500 years old, much prized; for the Chinese believe these antiquities to have the property of preserving flowers which are placed in them, fresh and blooming, for a long time. Here are likewise several porcelain garden-seats, richly painted, and named from their form, stone drums; together with a model of the famous porcelain Pagoda at Nankin, which was merely *roofed* with porcelain, and not, as might be imagined, constructed entirely of it. Pagodas are supposed, by some, to have been used for religious worship; but there is nearly as much dispute about the matter as on the object of Round Towers in Ireland.

The Porcelain manufacture in China employs a million of persons. "The division of labour is carried to its acme. A tea-cup, from the time when it lies embedded in its native quarries, till it comes forth in perfection from the furnace, passes through more than fifty different hands. The painting alone is divided among half a dozen different persons, one of whom sketches the outline of a bird, another of a plant, a third of some other figure, while a fourth fills in the colours."—(Catalogue.) We had scarcely time to inspect the specimens in the Collection so closely as we wished; but, it is stated in the Catalogue, that they prove the porcelain manufacture of China to have been on the decline for the last three centuries. This deterioration is

\* In the Cemetery at Kensal Green, are several instances of persons having chosen their own graves: in some are buried their relatives or friends, but in other instances, the ground has been purchased, and possession is indicated by a stone, or a monument erected. The late Morison, the "Hygeist," for example, built himself a costly tomb-house, nearly as large as a lodge, into which he was shortly afterwards gathered. Within the last three years, death has deprived us of two friends, men of vigorous minds, who have been especially anxious in this kind of *self-interment*: one selected the ground, gave instructions for his funeral and

tomb-stone, and would have paid the entire expenses with his own hands, had his relatives allowed him to do so; and, our other friend, entitled to the respect of all mankind for his enlightened efforts to improve their condition, wrote for his own tomb in Brighton (old) church-yard, an inscription, recounting the deeds of his prolonged existence; which, from its activity and duration, we have often compared to two lives rolled into one. Men of shallow minds stigmatise these matters as vulgar eccentricities; but, we have ever regarded them as ebullitions of feeling calculated to lighten grief, and to raise up cheerful hope of future happiness—and, therefore, to be encouraged rather than censured.

explained by the emperors of old having encouraged the manufacture by premiums and liberal orders; whereas the emperors of late have ceased such patronage, and hence the decline of competition, and consequently, of excellence. Meanwhile, European porcelain has been rapidly improved: Germany and France have produced ware of excellent design and colouring; and England must be content to follow in their wake, until her artists better understand the principles of art; though chemistry has already enabled her manufacturers to approach the continental countries in the colour and transparency of the ware. In the United States of America, too, porcelain is said to be made of almost equal fineness to that of our best manufacture.

Case XIV. is filled with Models of Chinese Boats, made by reducing the dimensions to the proper scale; and employing the same kinds of wood, the oars, sculls, rudders, setting-poles, cordage, &c. Thus, there are canal, family, and chop boats; and Mandarin boats, or revenue cutters. There are likewise numerous other representations of various boats throughout the apartment. The junks that navigate "the great sea" are "nearly in the shape of a new moon, and as clumsy a craft as could be well contrived; having sterns at least thirty feet above the water, and bows the third of that height. The emperor not only affords no encouragement to improvement, but actually discourages it, in the exaction of foreign port duties from junks constructed on improved principles:" yet, this besotted and short-sighted ruler is at this moment contending with the mightiest naval power in the world! These junks have always a great eye painted on each side of the bows, which the Chinese thus "superstitiously" explain: "Have eye, can see; can see, can saaver: no have eye, no can see, no can saaver." Nevertheless, the eye in the above places, may not be more superstitious than the figure-heads of our ships, as our tutelary god, Neptune, &c.; or, what is more to the point, the eye formerly placed upon the front of the *Observer* newspaper-office, implying the editor's vigilance in reporting the occurrences of the week. The inland craft of China is of great variety: there are stated to be no fewer than 40,000 family boats, or *Sampans*, on the Canton river near the city, and these contain 200,000 souls! The women manage these boats as dexterously as a shrew does her husband. The boats generally have bamboo sails, and the rudders are invariably bored with small holes; but for what purpose it is difficult to devise, since it must be a *give-and-take* affair, worthy of debate in the Mechanical Section of the British Association! These boatmen, by the way, scull in a line as direct as any well-managed sailing vessel could pursue; and the foreign sailors who sometimes try their skill, make a sorry business of it. There is a Chinese law, dated 1737, with respect to shipwrecked foreigners, which is truly honourable to the national character: it orders that the governors of provinces take the lead in succouring "foreign ships and people" driven on shore by gales of wind; "that they employ the public money to bestow food and raiment on the sufferers, and to refit their ships; after which, that they cause their goods to be returned, and see that they are sent home to their own country." This enjoined humanity is strangely at variance with the dishonest practices of "wreckers" elsewhere.

Case XV. contains Models of Summer-houses; and here it may be remarked that the dwellings of the Chinese resemble in their plan and arrangement, the remains of the Roman habitations discovered at Pompeii.

No. XVI. is a two-storied House, as seen in the streets of Canton; the lower part a retail china-shop.

No. XVII. is a Silk-mercier's shop and house, from Canton, and is more life-like than any thing else in the

Collection. At the counter are two customers, one of whom is examining a piece of silk: the shopkeeper is casting an account on the "calculating desk," while his clerk is making an entry in a book; in doing which he shows the Chinese mode of holding a pencil, which is perpendicularly, between the thumb and all the fingers. The tradesmen take all their meals in their shops; and here a servant is setting breakfast, in a corner, upon a circular eight-legged table, like that used by our great-grandfathers; and among its appointments are the ivory chop-sticks: on the visitor's left hand, sits a gentleman with a pipe, "just dropped in," about meal-time; at the door, a blind beggar stands beating two bamboo-sticks against each other, and he keeps up this importunity until he is relieved, by some trifling gratuity, usually a single cash. A small covered tub filled with tea, with a few cups near by, stands on the counter, from which customers are always invited to help themselves.

The merchants and shopkeepers of Canton are prompt, active, obliging, and able. They can do an immense deal of business in a short time, and all without noise, bustle, or disorder. Their goods are arranged in the most perfect manner, and nothing is ever out of its place; "whilst it is asserted by those who have had the best opportunities of judging, that as men of business, the Chinese are in advance of the Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese merchants. Their thrifty habits are denoted by the inscriptions on the scrolls hung up in some of the shops: as, "Gossiping and long sitting injure business." "Former customers have inspired caution—no credit given." "A small stream always flowing." "Goods genuine, prices true," &c.

The sight of the breakfast-table reminds us that the Chinese live well, when they can; and none but the poorest persons eat dogs, cats, rats, and mice, when their pinching poverty will allow of no choice. Beef and mutton, owing to the scarcity of pasturage, are little used: pork is the most favourite meat, and they mix it up with literature in their maxim—"the scholar forsakes not his books, nor the poor man his pig." Fish, ducks, and wild fowl, are consumed in vast numbers. Among the luxuries of the table are the larvæ of the sphinx-moth, a grub bred in the sugar-cane, shark's fins, and a rich soup made from the edible bird's nests (slime and sea-weed). At an imperial feast, given to the last British embassy, a soup concocted of blood and mares' milk was among the dishes. Rice is their favourite vegetable; and from it they distil a sort of beer, wine, and spirit: hence, they are not teetotallers. Although they have abundance of grapes, they do not make wine of them. But the national beverage is tea, which is drank in unstinted quantities by all classes of the people, from the self-styled "Son of Heaven," to the occupant of the meanest hovel or Sanpan; and some of the wealthier classes indulge in teas, the price of which would startle a Grosvenor-square housekeeper, or even the master of Her Majesty's household. The Chinese are invariably early risers: the present Viceroy of Canton may frequently be found transacting business at four o'clock in the morning; and this without reference to his present critical position. But, it must be recollected that he has no midnight legislation, or two o'clock divisions; and he keeps his head clear with tea.

Case XVIII. contains opium-pipes; and a granite bridge of five arches, which are constructed without key-stones: how they manage to place vast masses of stone is extraordinary, as no machinery for the purpose has been found: they assert that it is accomplished merely by manual labour.

Case XVIII. A. contains a large model of a Chinese War-junk, exquisitely carved in ivory. Near it are a chair

of state, and footstool, richly carved and gilt; opposite is its fellow. Above these chairs are suspended a pair of magnificent lanterns, such as are seen only in the halls of the most wealthy; they are believed to be the largest and richest pair ever brought from China, compared with which our largest articles of the kind are mere hand-lanterns, such as were carried before our grandmothers. These colossal lanterns would grace the marble hall of Buckingham palace, were the ceiling lofty enough to allow them to be hung there, and were there a double staircase to light. Nearly opposite is a superb state lantern, about 10 feet in height and 4 feet in diameter, rich in carving, gilding, rich embroidery, and bead-work, hung with no fewer than 258 crimson tassels, and altogether a national affair.

We pass over three cases of Birds and Shells, and reach Case XXV., in which is a pair of elegantly chased Silver Tankards, to contain hot wine, in workmanship scarcely to be surpassed by any specimens in the plate-rooms of Rundell and Bridge. The Catalogue tells us that "Wine is said to have been introduced in the time of Yu, (perhaps the reader wishes it had been Me.) the Chinese Noah, who, after partaking of the luxury, banished the maker, and prohibited its use, remarking, that "in future ages, nations would be ruined by it;" and the old fellow's prophecy soon came to be fulfilled. Still, his selfishness reminds one of the Norfolk farmer's grace after meat: "I've had a good dinner, and I don't care who arnt." We were also much struck with the beauty of a pair of carved pearl oyster-shells, on one of which is a bee wrought of gold wire, a novel and brilliant imitation. Here too is an ivory ball, with 17 balls within, each one being carved with a different pattern, and occupying the carver a month; almost the *ne plus ultra* of Chinese ingenuity.

Case XXV. we can only notice for containing two Cups of Pressed Glass, in imitation of those cut out of valuable stones. They are opaque, and such as we have often seen in London shops, without being able to learn their use. They are drinking-cups for hot wine; but the wealthy Chinese use small two-handled golden cups, which are kept constantly filled by servants, at dinner, from the silver tankards just described. The Chinese mode of pledging nearly resembles our own. If you wish to wine with a guest, you apprise him by a servant: then taking the full cup with both hands, he lifts it to the level of his mouth, and after making a particular motion with his head, he drinks off the contents; he waits until the other party has done the same, and finally repeats the first nod of the head, holding the cup downwards before him, to show that it is quite empty. It is a compliment in China to tell a man that his ability to drink wine is great."—Catalogue. We should say that with such toppers every thing would find its own level.

Case XXVII. contains some very interesting tea-pots, such as would have delighted the late Princess Augusta, who made a large collection of these useful vessels at Frogmore. Some are of white copper, (German silver,) over porcelain, and bear sentences expressive of the excellencies of tea. Into another tea-pot, the tea is put at the bottom, and the orifice then stopped, to prevent the escape of the aroma. Another tea-pot, very small, and of brown porcelain, is not, as commonly supposed, a toy; but is used for making very expensive tea, such as never finds its way to this country, for it would not bear the voyage. Indeed, we hear so much of the exquisite flavour of tea in its native country, that it were almost worth while for a committee of the society of Tea-totalers to make the voyage, to enjoy the novel luxury, and report thereon; or a jury of old ladies might be selected for the mission. Here are two porcelain bowls, of vast size and matchless

beauty; the punch in which should be of light colour, so as not to conceal the figures. They contrast well with a clay kettle, for boiling water, and such as may be bought for a farthing in China! Returning to the white copper tea-pots lined with porcelain: surely, they suggested the German cast-iron saucepans, glazed inside, to prevent burning; such as are now made in England.

Cases XXX. and XXXI. contain patterns of silk, and other manufactures, made expressly for native use, and not exported as merchandise. Here are crapes, silk, and satins for all seasons; grass cloth, as coarse as a scullery-sieve, for the shirt of the labourer; or as fine as French cambric, for the *chemisette* of the belle; cotton checks, very like our own manufacture; and striped buglapoore, used for gentlemen's summer dresses.

Case XXXII. *Musical Instruments*—includes plates of hard wood, which beggars beat at shop-doors, until the shopkeepers give them a trifle "to get rid of them," and thus obtain "a settlement."

We pass over Carpenters' tools, natural history, specimens, &c., to Cases XL. and XLI., filled with Chinese Books, showing the titles on the ends; including a Buddhist, filled with plates, representing future punishments, which have been erroneously supposed to represent those actually inflicted upon criminals by the Chinese law. Nor can we do more than notice in two Cases of Clothes, Shoes for Ladies with large feet, the lower part formed of dressed pigs' skin, the rest of compressed paper; the "golden lilies" shoes are tiny matters; and the gentlemen's shoes for wet weather have the upper part satin, and the lower of wood. The ladies' and gentlemen's fans, sandals, and charm-books are too numerous to mention. In Case XLVII., we can only notice a grotesque Lion of white porcelain, such as we sometimes see in old china closets; the value of which at Canton was about four pounds.

Case LIII. contains Artificial Candles, decorated with flowers made from the pith that we call rice paper. The body or stem of the candle is of wood, and at the top, instead of wick, is inserted a small brass receptacle for oil, as being more economical; and we have a similar contrivance in England. The oil is extracted from the ground nut, and is said to smoke but little: it is not only used for lamps, but instead of butter.

The *Lanterns*, of almost every imaginable size, form, and decoration, are made of horn, silk, glass paper, and sometimes of fine thread-net, thickly coated with varnish. A China-man and his lantern seem wedded together, for they are rarely seen apart.

On the Entablature and other parts of the Saloon are inscribed Aphorisms and Maxims, so that the Chinese must be, indeed, precept-ridden; and there is a striking similarity between these quips of wisdom and the Proverbs of Scripture.

(Here we reluctantly close our notice of this most interesting Exhibition.)

### CHRISTIANITY.

WHEN I consider the source from whence Christianity has sprung,—the humility of its origin,—the poverty of its disciples,—the miracles of its creation,—the mighty sway it has acquired, not only over the civilized world, but which Christian missions are hourly extending over lawless, mindless, and imbruted regions—I own the awful presence of the God-head—nothing less than a Divinity could have done it! The powers, the prejudices, the superstitions of the earth were all in arms against it; it had no sword nor sceptre—its Founder was poor—its apostles were lowly fishermen—its inspired prophets, lowly and uneducated—its cradle was a manger—its home a dungeon—its earthly diadem a crown



of thorns! And yet forth it went—that lowly, humble, persecuting spirit, and the idols of the heathen fell; and the thrones of the mighty trembled; and Paganism saw her peasants and her princes kneel down, and worship the unarmed conqueror! If this be not the work of Divinity, then I yield to the reptile ambition of the atheist; I see no God—I see no government below; and I yield my consciousness of an immortal soul to his boasted fraternity with the worm that perishes!—*Charles Phillips.*

### FRUITS IN ENGLAND

IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE only kinds named are apples and pears: three hundred of the latter were purchased at Canterbury; probably from the gardens of the monks. It is believed, however, that few other sorts were generally grown in England before the latter end of the fifteenth century; although Matthew Paris, describing the bad season of 1257, observes that "apples were scarce, and pears scarcer, while quinces, vegetables, cherries, plums, and all shell-fruits were entirely destroyed." These shell-fruits were probably the common hazel-nut, walnuts, and perhaps chestnuts; in 1256 the sheriffs of London were ordered to buy two thousand chestnuts for the king's use. In the Wardrobe Book of the 14th of Edward the First before quoted, we find the bill of Nicholas, the royal fruiterer, in which the only fruits mentioned are pears, apples, quinces, medlars, and nuts. The supply of these, from Whitsuntide to November, cost 21*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* This apparent scarcity of indigenous fruits naturally leads to the inquiry, what foreign kinds besides those included in the term *spicery*, such as almonds, dates, figs and raisins, were imported into England in this and the following century? In the time of John and of Henry the Third, Rochelle was celebrated for its pears and conger-eels; the sheriffs of London purchased a hundred of the former for Henry, in 1223. In the 18th of Edward the First, a large Spanish ship came to Portsmouth; out of the cargo of which the queen bought one frail of Seville figs, one frail of raisins or grapes, one bale of dates, and two hundred and thirty pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven ORANGES. The last item is important, as Le Grand d'Aussy could not trace the orange in France to an earlier date than 1333; here we find it known in England in 1290; and it is probable that this was not its first appearance. The marriage of Edward with Eleanor of Castile naturally lead to a greater intercourse with Spain, and consequently to the introduction of other articles of Spanish produce than the leather of Cordova, olive-oil and rice, which had previously been the principal imports from that fertile country, through the medium of the merchants of Bayonne and Bordeaux. It is to be regretted that the series of Wardrobe Books is incomplete, as much additional information on this point might have been derived from them. At all events it appears certain that Europe is indebted to the Arab conquerors of Spain for the introduction of the orange, and not to the Portuguese, who are said to have brought it from China. An English dessert in the thirteenth century must, it is clear, have been composed chiefly of dried and preserved fruits—dates, figs, apples, pears, nuts, and the still common dish of almonds and raisins.—*Manners and Household Expenses in England in the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, by Mr. J. H. Turner, from Original Records.*

### THE PLEASURES OF VICISSITUDE.

BY THE LATE RICHARD WESTALL, R.A.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow  
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;  
And blended, form, with artful strife,  
The strength and harmony of life.—*Gray.*

WHEN all the sky's serenely blue,  
When roads are good, and tolls are few,  
And horses safe, and chaises new,  
And postboys drive us carefully;  
Then all monotonous the days,  
And void of interest seem the ways,  
As lolling backward in the chaise  
We lounge and grumble sleepily.

Then beds seem hard, and inns are cold,  
And mutton tough, and chickens old,  
And cheeses strong, and void of mould,  
And landlords cheat prodigiously!

But when across the vault of night  
Wide flame the forked bolts of light,  
And horses gallop with affright,  
And rear and start confusedly:

Or, when a drunken postboy drives,  
Regardless of the limbs and lives  
Of those by whom his master thrives,  
Up starts each latent energy;

Then every steep's unguarded flank,  
And every ditch profound and dank,  
And e'en each gently rising bank,  
Alarm the traveller horribly.

But if those ills we steer between,  
How lovely looks the blue serene!  
How pleasant the long level green,  
Which tired us once confoundedly!

How safe a harbour seems an inn!  
How honest looks old double chin,  
His thrice-dressed dinner bringing in,  
And bowing to us courteously!

Ye wretched few, deprived of bliss,  
By what the world calls happiness,  
I feel and pity the distress  
Which makes your lives drag heavily!

Continual good is sure to cloy:  
'Tis from the mixture of alloy  
That ease is ease, and joy is joy,  
And ecstasy is ecstasy!

*Watts's Literary Souvenir, 1835.*

### EARTHLY HONOURS.

As withereth the primrose by the river,  
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,  
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,  
As melteth snow upon the massy mountains;  
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,  
The rose, the shine, the bauble, and the snow  
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers.  
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy,  
The withered primrose by the mourning river,  
The faded summer sun from weeping fountains,  
The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,  
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,  
Are emblems—that the treasures we up-lay  
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

EDWARD BOLTON, 1610.

### A CHILD'S LOVE:

A FACT OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Concluded from page 87.)

I WAS about to observe, that all this mystery might create suspicion in her husband's mind, and therefore, endanger her peace; but she quickly pushed me into the closet, shut and locked the door, and almost at the same instant, I heard a person enter the room, and say in a harsh voice, with a strong accent: "Good day, my dear, good day: kiss me; this unforeseen return astonishes thee: it is because our business was terminated sooner than I expected." This voice, which I heard for the first time in my life, broke upon my ear like a death-knell. Involuntarily, I remembered that I was a fugitive, at the mercy of the Terrorists. Without, therefore, seeing the man, without knowing his features, by means of his voice—that diagnostic which has never yet deceived me—I immediately said to myself, "*This man is my enemy.*"

At this moment, little Lucy returned from school, and having kissed her father, her first question to her mother was: "Where is my dear friend?—has Papa seen him?" \* \* \* And there was a moment of frightful silence, meaning, "Who is this dear friend?" The husband put this question in a dry and imperious tone. "My dear," replied the trembling wife, "be not angry, and you shall know all. During your absence, we have received into the house a stranger: he was almost dying with fatigue, and for want of food; he asked shelter for one night; I granted it, and he went away this morning."

All this was uttered in so natural a tone, that Lucy herself was deceived by it. But her mother had not foreseen her grief, which was so violent, that she, as well as her father, in vain tried to calm her. "Gone! gone! he promised faithfully that he would wait for my return. Oh! it is very bad of him;" and she sank in deep affliction. Suddenly, through the panes of the glass door of the closet in which I was concealed, she perceived, upon an arm chair, the bunch of white roses that she had given me. She then fell into a violent passion: "To go," said she, "without even taking the nosegay—oh! it is infamous. I will get this nosegay, and tear it to pieces. But, who shut this door? where is the key? Mamma, give it to me." "I don't know what has become of it," replied the mother, confusedly; "I think Fanchette lost it." "Let her look for it," replied Lucy, whose impatience burst forth violently—"I will have it." She grew pale, stamped on the floor, repeating loudly, "I will have it—the key! the key! Her father tried to appease her; but, seeing her melt into tears, he said to his wife, sternly: "Come, we must put an end to this: I don't like the child to be teased, it makes her ill. If the key be lost, let a locksmith be sent for, else we must break open the door. But no, I recollect—I have a second key; I'll go and fetch it."

He went immediately into his closet, and I involuntarily shuddered, on hearing the young wife exclaim several times: "Ah! the wretched man! he is lost! and it is thou, my daughter!" The husband speedily returned, holding in his hand a key, which he had already placed in the lock, when his wife stopped him. "My dear," said she to him, in a faltering voice, "my dear, do not be angry at what you are about to see. The traveller that I spoke of, and who I told you was gone,"—"Well?" "He is here still." "There!" vociferated the husband furiously, "it is then a lover, since you are so interested in concealing him!"

As he thus spoke, he pushed aside his wife, and quickly turning the key, the door opened. I advanced instantly, and said: "No, Sir, it is not a lover. Had it been possible, I would long since have terminated this painful suspense: this lady has nothing to reproach herself for, in concealing me: she only obeyed pity. *I am a fugitive!*" To completely dissipate the jealous suspicion, which I still read in his eyes, I added: "No sacrifice will be too great, on my part, to convince you of the truth: I am the Count de S \* \* \*!" "You," cried he, "the Count de S \* \* \*! who is sought every where?" "I am he; and have divulged to you my secret, relying on your honour. When I entered your house, I had not tasted food for forty-eight hours; and your wife did not suppose that to give me bread was a crime." "It is always a crime to save an *avistocrate*," replied he, in a voice of thunder: then, forcibly pressing my hand, and looking at me fixedly, he added: "thou dost not know, then, that thou art in the house of Joseph Lebou!" "Lebou!" cried I, starting back at his dreaded name. "Yes, Lebou, who boasts never to have pardoned one like thee, and who, in a moment, will decide thy fate." In saying this, he went towards the door, and called the servant. The young

wife wept bitterly at the violence of her husband, who, at this moment was inundating his native town with blood, sporting with the anguish of his victims even to the foot of the scaffold, and with his vengeful fury striking terror into the chiefs of the Montagne, who, therefore, called him *Le Sanguinaire*. I beheld in him no longer a man, but the hideous and threatening phantom of death. After a few minutes' awful silence, a man-servant appeared. "Go immediately to the village," said Lebou, "and ask, in my name, for a guard to accompany a prisoner." The servant took the note, and went out.

Meanwhile, Lebou, turning towards me, continued: "Thou shalt stay in this room. It has no outlet but that which leads to my closet; but I shall be there. Thou seest these arms," (producing a brace of pistols, loaded, which he always carried about him,) "and, shouldst thou attempt to escape, I will blow thy brains out, or my name is not Lebou." "Do not apprehend any resistance from me," replied I: "if you are the master of my life, it is God's will; and I shall know how to bear my fate, whatever it may be." I bowed to his wife, and went back into the closet; he shut the door, turned the key twice, took it away, and for the second time I was a prisoner.

Lebou returned to his closet, which was separated from that in which I was locked, by a very thin partition. I heard him harshly chiding his wife for having wished to expose him by concealing me. The poor woman wept piteously, and then tried to soften the tiger. "Do not send him to Arras," said she: "let others spill his blood. His person is described so minutely, that he cannot escape. Having once sheltered him, let us not give him up. Oh! I beseech you," said she, falling on her knees, "save him." "Save him! though he were my brother, I would not save him," was the ferocious reply, with the addition, "Leave me: I must make my report of him to the Committee of Public Safety." The young wife withdrew, in tears, and all again was silent.

In a few minutes, I heard a gentle knocking at the closet door. "Who is there?" said Lebou, angrily. "It is I, dear father." I recognised Lucy's voice. "It is thou, little dear?" said Lebou, immediately opening the door, "come in; what dost thou want with me?" "I want to scold thee." "Me! but why?" "Because thou hast not yet kissed me." "That is true. As thou saidst, I deserve to be scolded." Then the blood-thirsty Terrorist took his daughter upon his knees, and kissed her. And then, wonderful to relate, the more the child spoke, the more his growling voice softened; as, on the previous day, the terrible Mouton had become gentle when the child said to him: "Kiss the gentleman, instantly, or I will." "Hast thou been a very good girl to-day, at school?" "Oh yes, they were very well satisfied with me." "Then kiss me, to reward thee." "Oh! but," said Lucy, cunningly, "if I kiss thee, it is thou who wilt have the reward." "Thou art right, my child; thy caresses refresh me—refresh my burning blood." "But we agreed about another thing." "What was it, then?" "Thou well knowest what thou hast promised me." "I have entirely forgotten it." "It is very pretty to forget the promises made to your daughter." "Come, help me a little: I am very willing to pay my debts." "Thou toldst me that on the day I could write, thou wouldst give me whatever I should ask." "Well! dear child?" "Well," said Lucy, in an inexpressibly pretty whisper, "I can write." "Thou canst write! my daughter, write! little dear! Ah! thou art an adorable child for surprising me so. Well then, show me a specimen of thy talent; and, as my name is Lebou, I will give thee whatever thou mayest ask."

There was a pause, during which Lucy wrote upon a

piece of hard paper; and, with what ecstasy of hope did I listen to the grating pen! "Let us see the pretty scrawl," said Lebon; "upon my word, it is beautiful! Thou dost not write very straight, but never mind, it is very legible. What is written there?" And, Lucy, taking up the paper, read aloud: "*I implore the pardon of the fugitive.*" I was greatly moved, yet listened with breathless attention. "The pardon of the fugitive!" said Lebon, "thou dost not mean it!" "Yes, papa, *I will have it.*" "Thou shalt not have it." "I will." "But—" "No but." "If—" "No if." "What, then, dost thou mean, Miss? I am master." "I know it well, and that is why I ask thee for it." "Lucy, listen, dear child; I will give thee every thing but that." "And I ask nothing but that. Thou must keep thy promise." "But, my love, it is not in my power." "Oh! yes, dear father, thou saidst just now, thou art master; and thou art, I know. If thou writest, he will be killed; and if thou writest not, he will be saved. Mamma told me so just now. And, if he were killed, little Lucy would be the cause of it; for, had it not been for me, thou wouldst not have gone to get the key; without the key, thou couldst not have seen him, and hadst thou not seen him, he would not be killed. He killed! oh no, 'tis impossible." "But, my dear—" "Oh! I must tell thee: thou dost not know that I love him!" "Thou lovest him! and why?" "Why?—I don't know—but, *I love him*—with all my heart: I love him because I saved him; yes, yes, it is I who saved him, with Mouton. He is my prisoner, and not of any one else; he belongs to me. Oh! if thou hadst seen him pale and starving, and heard him say: 'Little dear, have pity on me!' thou wouldst have done as I did—for thou hast a good heart, though they think thee harsh and cruel: but little Lucy knows thee too well. I know thou art good: I have more than once seen thee weep when embracing me. Ha! thou art crying now!" "My girl, my girl, leave me," cried the relenting father, with audible emotion. But Lucy replied, in an emboldened tone: "No, I will not leave thee before thou hast given me the paper thou hast just written." "It is impossible." "Mamma told me it is the warrant by which he is condemned. It is for that reason I will have it." "Lucy, be a good girl." "*I will have it, I tell thee.*" "Lucy, I shall be angry with thee." "I don't care." "What do you say? that is very naughty: you are not afraid of offending your dear father." "But thou, thou," cried Lucy, violently bursting into tears: "it is an hour since I asked thee—thou dost not even listen to me. Oh! I see well—they are right when they say that thou art cruel; and I say so too, for thou dost not love thy daughter." "I!—I do not love my daughter!" "No, thou dost not love her, since thou makest her cry, and dost not care if she dies." "What dost thou say?" "Yes, I shall certainly die: for thou dost nothing but vex me. I feel very ill—O heaven—I am choking."

Here, I conclude, Lucy, suffocated by her tears, fainted; for I heard her father cry, "My daughter! she faints! Lucy, my dear girl! Well, then, yes—that paper—thou shalt have it; but listen—Good heaven! she is as pale as death!" At this moment, I heard a violent pull at the bell, and a man-servant enter. "Go, and fetch a doctor—no—she recovers. But it is my fault: look up, my child, it is I, thy father Lebon. Give me a glass of sugar and water, Baptiste. Now, that will do." "Citizen," (for the word Sir was not then used at Lebon's) "Citizen," said Baptiste, "thou art not, perhaps, aware that the guard thou hast sent for is here." At the word "guard," Lucy, doubtless, shuddered; for I heard her say instantly in a tremulous voice, "Dear father—the paper?" "Hold, here it is, my child," replied Lebon, (as the servant left

the room with the order, which he had, doubtless, done by a signal,) "here it is—art thou satisfied now? Cruel girl! for saying that I do not love her, and will cause her death! I!—good Heaven, I!—who would sacrifice every thing to my girl, whom I idolize!" And he seemed as if he would choke her with kisses. "Here, drink, my dear—that will calm thee—and, now, rest in my arms." I still heard Lucy's spasmodic sobs, and the father seeking to quiet her by rocking her in his arms, like an infant, saying: "Who would have thought thee so sensitive! Well—do not sleep, then—thou art no longer angry with me! Kiss me, then! See how the colour returns to her cheek; and look, she smiles! What is thy wish, my child?" "I will put thine hair in paper," replied Lucy, bursting from grief into playfulness. "Silly girl," said the father. "Now, if thou didst see thyself—how pretty thou art." I thought that the warrant was thus torn into curling-papers! Lucy burst into loud laughter, and overwhelmed with caresses her terrible father, in whom all the sensibility that Nature had given him, merged into his love for his daughter.

"Well, then," said the melting father, "now thou art no longer ill." "No." "Well, then, get down, and return me my key—I want it." But the dear child would not thus give up possession. "Oh, no, I keep that." "Lucy!" "Dear father!" "Must we begin again?" "No—for thou wouldst not make me ill again." "Didst thou hear, Lucy, that the guards are waiting?" "Well, then, let them wait." "But they cannot wait for ever." "In a moment, thou shalt let them in; but," added she, in a whisper, "then *he will be gone.*" "Gone!—how can he escape? there is no outlet." "Yes." "Where?" "The window of thy closet: this." "The window? thou art crazy." "Come, come, listen to me," said she, placing her little hand upon his mouth; "thou shalt shut thine eyes, like that—dost thou understand? I, during that time, will fetch the poor fugitive with this key. Thou shalt remain as if asleep; we will stride over the bottom of the window—he shan't hurt himself, and down we'll jump into the garden. I will manage the rest." "And, if they asked me how he escaped—what must I answer?" "Say—I don't know what. Thou art more clever than I am: say thou hast made a mistake, and taken the stranger for another; and that he is now on his journey. Whatever thou sayest, they will believe thee, and they shall go as they came. Ay? tell me—wilt thou? Oh yes, thou art quite willing," said Lucy, loading her father with kisses; "say that thou wilt, dear father."

At that moment, Lucy's voice was so sweet, and yet so powerful, that she moved all the strings of my heart. And thus, she, doubtless, acted upon her father; for, after a moment's pause, I heard him say to her: "Lucy, Lucy, you greatly take advantage of my weakness, and of the power you have over me!" "Oh, no, I do not,"—and she immediately stopped his mouth with kisses. "Thou dost not know what thou askest, my girl. The man whom thou wishest to save is thy mortal enemy!" "He? oh! thou dost not know him, nor how much he loves me—for thou didst not see how he caressed thy little Lucy, as thou dost. Oh! I am quite sure if ever I want him, I shall find him.—I am sure of it."

Here, as if the ferocious Citizen foresaw the change of fortune which smote him a few months later, and, as if moved by his daughter's assurance of finding the victim, when wanted, he replied: "Well—go, and save the fugitive, but hasten back."

Lucy raised a shout of joy at her triumph over that heart which she alone could move. She slipped from her father's knees, advanced on tiptoe to the closet door, and gently put the key into the lock—when the door opened for



the second time. "Come directly," said she to me, in a low voice; "they are there, but I will guide thee."

I knew not whether I was awake, or in a dream. I suffered myself to be led—and followed my delivering angel. In crossing the fatal closet, I found myself face to face with Lebou: he was no longer the tender father, but the stern republican; and his air was as harsh as his voice.

"My daughter has saved thee," said he to me—"I will not have her save thee only half-way. Here, take this passport, which I destined for another purpose: insert in it thy name, and description, and it will enable thee to reach the frontier. Thou canst hereafter boast of being the first aristocrat that ever escaped alive from the hands of Lebou; but, believe me, don't come again."

After this laconic address, he pointed to the open window, from which I jumped, with Lucy, into the garden. \* \* \* It began to grow dark, ere we reached the door in the park wall, which led into the open country, and through which I had entered the premises, on the preceding day. There, at length, I parted with my little benefactress. "Adieu!" cried she, with a stifled sigh and sob. "Adieu, dear—" I could say no more, for a flood of tears. "Thou wilt not forget me?" asked the lovely creature. "Never." "I shall always think of thee; of thee, for ever!" was her parting word.

At this moment, we heard a slight noise, and Lucy gently pushed me out, and closed the gate. I journeyed onward, and by means of the precious passport, reached Calais, and the English shore, in safety.

I never saw Lucy again, and I do not even know whether she be still alive. Many years have elapsed, many loves have passed away, affections withered, and hopes blighted: but, I shall never forget that CHILD'S LOVE!

### THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND,  
For the *Salopian Journal*.\*

IN days of yore a castle reared its head so high and grand,  
Far to the deep blue sea it shone, it shone o'er all the land;  
Around the scented gardens their flowery crown displayed,  
Where freshly sparkling fountains in rainbow colours played.

There sat a king so haughty, conquests and lands he had,  
He sat upon his throne, but his face was pale and sad;  
For all his thoughts are horror, and all his looks speak rage,  
And all his words are scourges; with blood he pens his page.

Perchance unto this castle two noble minstrels strolled,  
The one with age was silver'd, his friend had locks of gold;  
The old man, with his harp, on a prancing palfrey rode,  
While by his side his blooming companion gaily strode.

Then thus began the elder:—"Now, be prepared, my son;  
Our sweetest songs remember, tuned to the fullest tone;  
For pleasure and for sadness now summon all thy art!  
Our task to-day requires us to move the king's hard heart."

Already stand the minstrels in the high pillared hall,  
And on the throne are seated the king and queen of all;  
The king in dread array, like the blood-red northern glare,  
The queen, so sweet and mild, like the pale full moon was fair.

The elder swept the chords, and so wonderful the stroke,  
That richer, ever richer, upon the ear it broke;  
Then streamed with heavenly clearness the younger's voice  
between,  
So sweet as if a chorus of spirits it had been.

\* A Journal especially recommended by the judgment of its literary department, as well as by its general value as a newspaper.—ED. L. S. J.

They sing of spring and love, and of golden days of bliss,  
Of freedom, human honours, of truth and happiness;  
They sing of every pleasure which the human bosom fires,  
They sing of every honour to which the heart aspires.

The courtier-troops around them their envious quarrels end,  
The king's proud warriors lowly before their Maker bend;  
The queen, dissolved in sadness, by extasy possessed,  
Down unto the minstrels threw the rose from off her breast.

"Ye have misled our lords, would ye now seduce our Queen?"

The king in madness cried, and his whole frame shook, I ween;

Then snatched his sword, which right through the younger's bosom flashed,

Whence, 'stead the golden music, a crimson torrent dashed.

As by a storm, the audience are scattered in alarm,  
The while the youthful minstrel died upon his master's arm;  
Who placed him on his palfrey, and wrapt him in his coat,  
And bound him firmly upright e'er they left the castle moat.

Before the lofty doorway the aged minstrel stands,  
His harp, of harps the sweetest, he seizes with his hands;  
Then on a marble pillar he dashed it, as he cried,  
So loudly that the castle and the gardens round replied:—

"Woe, woe to you, ye proud halls! ne'er may a sweeter song,  
Nor chords, nor music, echo your spacious rooms along,—  
Save sighs alone, and groans, may all other sounds be hushed,  
Till that to dust and mouldering by vengeance ye are crushed!

"Woe to you, scented gardens, in your beauteous robe of May!

Ye shall be like this castle, dismantled by decay;  
And thus shall ye be parched, so that every spring be dry,  
That ye hereafter stony and desolate shall lie.

"Woe, woe, thou impious murderer, thou curse to minstrel's name,

In vain be all thy struggles for crowns of bloody fame,—  
Forgotten be thy name, and in endless night be't tossed,  
Till, like the deadly rattle, in the empty air 'tis lost!"

The minstrel grey has spoken, and Heaven has heard his cry,  
The walls to dust are crumbled, the halls in ruins lie;  
Still one tall column tells of the long departed pride,  
But that, already shattered, may scarce the night abide.

Instead of scented gardens, around is desert land,  
No tree its cool shade offers, no spring steals through the sand,—

The monarch's name nor song nor legend book rehearse,  
'Tis buried and forgotten!—This is the minstrel's curse!

A. R.

### LIGHT FOR ALL NATIONS.

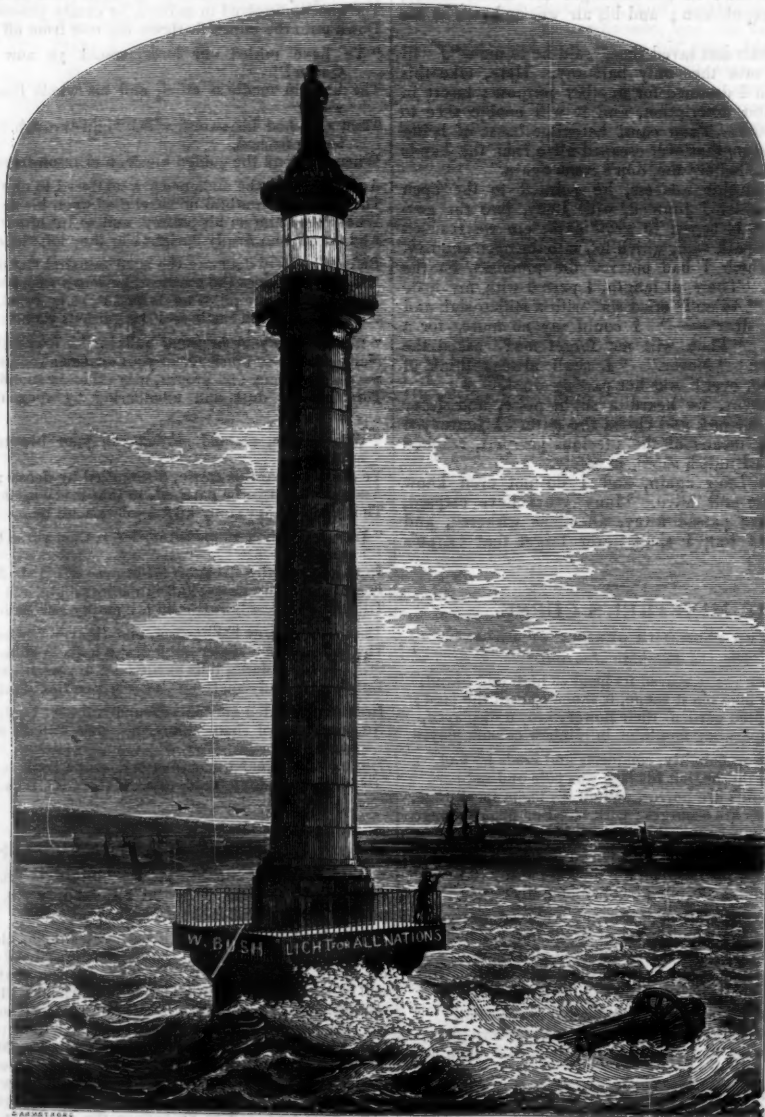
THE Editor of the *Sea-pie* has obligingly enabled us to present our readers with the annexed details of this important mechanical labour.

This light-house, about to be erected upon the Goodwin Sands, will be placed upon the north caliper head of the sand off Deal, and about five miles distant from that place. It will be constructed upon a foundation formed within the caisson, prepared in the Admiralty yard, at Deal, according to the principles for which her Majesty's letters patent have been obtained by the inventor and projector, Mr. William Bush, for the construction of foundations under water. The idea of ever obtaining a foundation upon these dangerous quicksands, at first startles us; and, without reflection, we feel almost prepared to pronounce the proceeding impracticable: yet the reverse is the fact. But, in order to demonstrate the soundness of the project, it will be necessary to describe the sands themselves, together with the general principles upon which this caisson has been constructed, and then the *modus operandi* by which this important and national undertaking is proposed to be accomplished.

The Goodwin Sands are generally considered to have been,

at some period or another, attached to the main land, and once to have formed a part of the county of Kent. Assuming this to have been the case, we readily imagine that, though the sea has made such a vast inroad—though it may have encroached to so great an extent upon the white cliffs of Albion—it cannot have uprooted the foundation of her soil,

and left in its stead a fathomless abyss of sand. No: it is as well known that the sand is sustained, as that it is deposited in its position. The set of the tides occasion frequent shiftings, but these are ascertained to extend but little below the surface; and, in this respect, the drifting of the sand resembles snow—where, in the valleys, it lies deepest. A singular



instance of the solid nature of this sand is perceived upon the side nearest the French coast, where, from the set of the tide, it lies so steep, that a vessel may be at one moment sailing in many fathoms water, and, before the next heave of the lead, she will be aground. Not so on the side nearest Deal: there the inclination is very gradual, and the water shallow. On the ebb of the tide, the sand is so firm as scarcely to bear the

imprint of the foot; whereas, almost immediately after the tide begins to flow, the sands alter their consistency, and become what is technically termed quick: and it is when in this state that wrecks and their fragments disappear—thus, as it were, alternating the process of devastation, and completing the injury by the flood which has been incompletely sustained from the sand on the ebb-tide.



From these and many other indications, it is only a fair inference that a foundation must exist, at some hitherto unknown distance, below the sand, and that such sub-stratum is chalk; and certainly as probable as that the Goodwin itself was ever a portion of the county of Kent. To ascertain the depth and nature of this sub-stratum, and to connect such into a foundation for the light-house, is the important problem which it is the object of this projected experiment to solve; though, whether this foundation be at a depth of thirty, fifty, or even one hundred feet, it becomes only a question of cost and labour, for the caisson is equally capable of accomplishing one depth as well as the other, as a well-shaft can be sunk to thrice the number of feet below the earth—the difference being only the cost and labour of the experiment; and water being the object of search in the one instance, and terra firma in the other. The caisson may, in one point of view, be described as an enormous diving-bell; and a diving-bell it certainly is, as far as affording the means of working under water to an extent hitherto unattempted. But it is something more. It is a diving-bell which, by excavation, will enable these operations to be pursued, to any depth, through the water, and even through this semi-liquid sand. Unlike the diving-bell, when brought to its situation and permanently sunk, and the period of its office over, this caisson becomes part and parcel of the very foundation which, in the first instance, it was intended to accomplish, for its void will then be filled in with solid masonry, upon which the superstructure will hereafter be erected.

The caisson is composed of cast-iron plates, of a conical shape, thirty feet diameter at the base, the upper diameter being twenty-five feet, and thirty feet in height. These plates are arranged in courses or tiers, each six feet high, and twenty-four plates in each tier. The whole of the horizontal and vertical joints are connected together with flanges and bolts, and afterwards cemented, with iron-cement, through the joints, to render the machine perfectly air and water-tight. The section is divided into three chambers. In the lower chamber the work of excavation will be carried on. This chamber has a domed top, with a covered aperture or air-tight valve, four feet in diameter in the centre, communicating with the chamber above. The second chamber has an upward and external communication, by means of a cylinder, four feet in diameter, also covered by a valve, to be opened as required. This chamber is fitted with air-pumps, valves, and air-gauges, to obtain and regulate the necessary supply of air for the workmen during the progress of the works. For the supply of air, another difference will be apparent from the process employed in the common diving-bell: for, instead of the air being forced down from above, according to the usual method, the pumps stationed below draw the air from above, with all the pressure of the atmosphere in favour of their action, instead of forcing against it. As the process of excavation is carried on in the lower chamber through this cylinder, the sand and spoil removed will be discharged over the top of the aperture into the sea, and the gradual sinking of the caisson effected by its removal.

The third, or upper chamber, is covered air and water-tight, excepting by means of the valves, through which air is supplied, and is fitted as a residence for the workmen during the progress of the works. The caisson being sunk, the work of excavation will be commenced. This will be carried on in a similar manner to that pursued with the kit of a well, or rather as were the shafts at the entrance to the Thames Tunnel, with the only difference that these are on land. The workmen, however, in each case, are stationed within the cylinder, where they excavate; and, by their operations, and the removal of the spoil, the gradual sinking of either shaft or caisson is effected, proceeding downwards until a solid foundation is obtained. The surface will then be levelled, and the lower flanch of the caisson brought to a permanent and solid bearing. After this process has been completed, the masonry will commence, and the whole central contents of the caisson will be filled in with solid masonry, which will be further protected by the outer coating of cast-iron. The conical form of the caisson thus embedded in the sand, which will silt in upon it, will secure the whole body so firmly, that,

both from its form and its gravity, it will vie in endurance with the rock itself.

We cordially join in the most sanguine and ardent wishes for the success of this undertaking, which, in its accomplishment, will do so much towards mitigating the dangerous navigation of this important channel; and, though founded within a sand, it will exist as a lasting monument of the science and philanthropy of the present age, and secure an imperishable name for its enterprising projector: and instance to the world, that, however unproductive hitherto, at least one Bush can spring up from the Goodwin.

## CHILDHOOD.

TO MY ONLY SISTER.

Dost thou remember how we lived at home—

That it was like an oriental place,  
Where right and wrong, and praise and blame did come  
By ways we wondered at, and durst not trace;  
And gloom and sadness were but shadows thrown  
From griefs that were our sire's, and not our own?

It was a moat about our souls, an arm

Of sea, that made the world a foreign shore;  
And we were too enamoured of the charm

To dream that barks might come and waft us o'er.  
Cold snow was on the hills; and they did wear  
Too wild and wan a look to tempt us there.

We had traditions of our own, to weave

A web of creed and rite and sacred thought;  
And when a stranger, who did not believe  
As they who were our types of God had taught,  
Came to our home, how harsh his words did seem,  
Like sounds that mar, but cannot break, a dream.

And then in Scripture some high things there were,

Of which they said we must not read or talk;  
And we, through fear, did never trespass there,  
But made our Bibles like our twilight walk  
In the deep woodlands, where we durst not roam  
To spots from whence we could not see our home.

Albeit we fondly hoped, when we were men,

To learn the lore our parents loved so well,  
And read the rites and symbols which were then  
But letters of a word we could not spell—  
Church-bells, and Sundays when we did not play,  
And Sacraments at which we might not stay.

But we too soon from our safe place were driven;

The world broke in upon our orphaned life.  
Dawnings of good, young flowers that looked to Heaven,  
It left untill for what seemed manlier strife;  
Like a too-early summer, bringing fruit  
Where spring perchance had meant another shoot!

Some begin life too soon,—like sailors thrown

Upon a shore where common things look strange;  
Like them they roam about a foreign town,

And grief awhile may own the force of change.  
Yet, though one hour new dress and tongue may please,  
Our second thoughts look homeward, ill at ease.

Come then unto our childhood's wreck again—

The rocks hard by our father's early grave;  
And take the few chance treasures that remain,  
And live through manhood upon what we save.  
So shall we roam the same old shore at will!  
In the fond faith that we are children still.

*The Rev. F. W. Faber.*

## New Books.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED. BY THE  
BARONESS CALABRALLA.

A NOVEL of high life, possessing the naturalness, (a clumsy but expressive term,) of every-day existence, is a

rarity in these times, when almost every phase of society has its recording romancist—from the coroneted brain that delights to spin the *tricauserie* of rank and fashion, down to the illiterate pretender, who revels in “conglomerating crimes,” and immortalising felons for a year or so, in the pages of his trash and trumpery, that is too foul even for the trunk-maker to employ, without danger to the curious community. Hereafter, many a prying housemaid may waste her master's candle, and peril her own virtue, by tracing the gaities of Jack Sheppard, or Poll Maggott upon her box-lid; and sigh for their tinsel ere she lay her wearied limbs upon her lone truckle-bed.

“The Tempter and the Tempted” belongs to the first class of works above indicated. It is so full of truthful nature, that although a fiction, it is as rational as fact. The construction of the story, and the general style, are original; though, possibly, they may occasionally remind us of the powerful fictions of Bulwer, the master-mind of his school. Yet, the work before us differs widely from either of his novels, in its excellent tone of feeling, and its extreme delicacy, such as none but a woman could have displayed. There are, besides, keenness and playful satire of worldly weaknesses; and many temperate and charitable rebukes of social infirmities—especially of those which beset the female character. Moreover, there is not a line of coarseness, nor a tinge of vulgarity in these volumes; although the scenes and incidents neither lack vigour nor startling interest. We shall not be expected to trace the plot, and have, indeed, only space to glance at the characters. Caroline is an exquisitely feminine impersonation of womanly virtues, and not a mere heroine on paper: we find her an orphan, left to the guardianship of a worldly-minded aunt, who tolerated the charge, hoping to make her large fortune available to the necessities of an only son, whose patrimony she had, in a great measure, dissipated. Her guardian spirit, however, is Lord Stavondale, a veteran British admiral, who had been her father's friend, and who proposed to make his lovely charge his wife. She rejects him for a man every way his inferior—in rank, in wealth, in character, in appearance, and nearly his equal in age: her conduct appeared to him frivolous and unworthy; and he marked his disapprobation of it by an unbending coldness: she would have told the old sailor the truth; but a strong sense of filial duty for her still tenderly lamented mother, made her hesitate to expose the errors of the guardian she had selected for her, and sealed her lips on the causes that led to this ill-assorted union; and it was never but with horror that she admitted, even to herself, how basely and treacherously she had been sold; so, not choosing to divulge the truth, she avoided all explanation, and allowed him to suppose her the capricious being she appeared. The noble admiral soon dies; but, his spirit is the good genius of the story, or rather of the heroine. Her wretch of a husband, Sullivan, is a reckless gamester, and leaves his wife to the world, whilst she receives a good share of its homage. The following reflections are touchingly beautiful:

“It is not to be supposed—young, handsome, and utterly neglected by her husband,—that Caroline did not become a marked object for the idle and the vicious to flutter round. She had been treacherously sacrificed, (though she dreamt not now, nor for years to come, how treacherously,) by one who affected to be her friend at the period of her marriage; but her heart was still too pure, her mind was yet too fresh, to believe that because one had proved deceitful, all were to be mistrusted! Alas, how hard a lesson for youth to learn is mistrust! Cold and languid indeed must be the pulsations of that heart, which in early life does not fearlessly welcome the sweet voice of affection, and believe its honeyed words. In youth, we feel in ourselves such a mine of tenderness, the treasury of our affections is so full, there is such an overflow-

ing source of love existing in our own souls, that we cannot believe that words of kindness are but lip-deep, that professions are but vain and idle mockeries, and that what the world calls friendship ‘is at best but a name.’ And yet, who would thus seek to enlighten youth? Who would withdraw the veil with which nature herself has invested it? Quickly, alas, too quickly, will its eyes be opened to the cruel truth! In the very happiest life, how soon does some vain and worldly idea force itself on the once candid mind, and teach it to suspect that all may not really be as it seems; the till then pure and trusting heart is startled at the thought, and begins to reflect on words, to examine purposes, to probe feelings, that were before believed in as truths, relied on as certainties, adopted and trusted for what they seemed; and, from such examination, what result can be obtained when interest and falsehood are found to fill the place that had appeared sacred to honour and truth? If the bright and golden dream of youth would remain unshaken, (and how sweet and beautiful a dream it is!) the world must remain a closed book. It is not in an atmosphere where infection reigns that the mind can remain healthy, or the principles escape contagion. Happy for those who pass through it so little seared and injured as to be able to look on its vices and crimes with the steady eye of faith fixed on a hope beyond.”

Early in the story, we are introduced to the noble family of Knaresborough: it is easy to perceive the passion of the young lord for Caroline, and in this lies the antagonism of the story—the high honour of the nobleman, and the fidelity of the wife, pass through a severe ordeal. The character of Lady Knaresborough, the mother, is well drawn, and the friendship of her daughter with Caroline affectingly portrayed: the former droops beneath consumption:

“Her poor mother's grief was severe indeed, and the more touching to behold from its silence. She had seen her child so long a prey to disease—so gradually passing away, that she hoped and fancied she was prepared to part from her. But who was ever prepared for such bereavements? In the death of a child, there is something so appalling to a parent's heart, that no other loss can be compared to it. Nature seems to have reversed her course, in order to overwhelm us; for it is indeed a fearful mystery, that the *beings to whom* we have given birth, should leave us behind them.”

Sullivan, from heavy losses at play, is compelled to break up his establishment, and with his wife, retires to Paris; where, however, his reckless passion finds better opportunities for indulgence. The gambling facilities of the French capital are drawn to the life: Sullivan is addicted to *false play*, is pursued by the police, and here is a glance at his miseries:

“Their pursuit was, however, fruitless; and after suffering from hunger, cold, fatigue, and more than all, from fear of detection, the wretched fugitive entered Munich on a cold and dreary evening. Only twice, during his journey, had he broken his fast; and then a bit of dry bread was all that he dared crave at a door. Money he had none, save a few sous. In his waistcoat pocket was one of his wife's diamond earrings, which had by mistake remained there; but he dared not offer it for sale—it might lead to discovery, and certainly would excite suspicion. Before entering Munich, he had taken off his upper waistcoat (a velvet one): but it was too late to make that available for a night's lodging; and again he wandered about all night, avoiding those parts of the town where his appearance might be remarked.”

Caroline's trials in Paris, among her husband's gambling associates, are truly painful; but her wrongs gain her friends, and among them a French admiral, (a friend of Lord Stavondale's,) whose son warns Caroline of her husband's villany: by this means they narrowly escape the police, and fly to Strasburgh, near which place Sullivan is supposed to be killed in crossing a torrent, in a boat with

a fisherman: one body only is found, the features of which are past recognition; but, from the clothes, it is judged to be that of Sullivan. This point of the narrative extends but one-third through the second volume, and here the heartless gambler is apparently out of the way. His wife receives a narrative of his career, in which their ill-fated union is explained to have been the manoeuvre of a cousin of Caroline, to pay off a gambling debt! This is a most interesting document, and a good specimen of well-sustained narrative—a difficult species of composition. The wretched husband

"had been, from early youth, the victim of his own bad passions: no mother's watchful eye had marked the rising fault, and resolutely checked its growth. His mother had loved him, but it was with a feeling centered in self-love, unworthy of a parent's heart, and fatal to a child's future life. No father's counsel had ever opposed itself to check the vices of his youth; the man who stood ostensibly in that sacred relationship, delighted to thwart and humble him, till the pride that might have kept him firm in good purpose, had it been judiciously treated, was rendered, by this harsh man's conduct, an incentive to vice, instead of a protection against it. Half-maddened by such arbitrary conduct, goaded by the bitter taunts and insinuations addressed to him, he was left friendless and alone. What wonder that he should have become the slave of his own passions? How had he fallen! how lost to all that was worthy the name of man had he become! But then, he had been strongly tempted; and what had he to oppose to that temptation? A mind weakened by excess—a conscience trembling under its weight of sin—a reason too little under control, and too infirm of purpose to form any safe-guard against the scenes placed before him to dazzle and betray, by such men as Tupper."

Tupper, by the way, is a master-spirit of ill, and an associate of Sullivan, whom he overmatches: the scene in which these two wretched men, "the Tempter and the Tempted," stand face to face, is most vividly sketched: we only regret that we cannot quote it.

Meanwhile, Lord Knaresborough's delicate attentions to Caroline, from the credited death of her husband, gain interest, step by step, when he is reported to be still alive; and a manuscript forwarded to Caroline details that, before crossing the torrent, he had changed clothes with the fisherman. They had got two-thirds across, when they found the current running so strong against them, that the boat became unmanageable; and just as the fisherman had called to Sullivan to hold fast and cling to her side, a rude mass of floating ice came down upon her, and in one instant she was over. Sullivan was a good swimmer: the poor old man soon became exhausted, and in vain he called for Sullivan to assist him; by a violent effort he reached, and was attempting to cling to him, when, with one blow Sullivan threw the fisherman from him. He sank to rise no more.

To ascertain whether Sullivan still lives, now becomes a point of importance: and for this purpose, Lord Knaresborough searches his haunts, and a friend detects a vile plot between Tupper, and a female relative of Caroline, to thwart the young nobleman. At length, Sullivan and Tupper are again confronted near Paris: the former, in the depths of abject misery and despair, commits suicide, and the latter flees to New York, where he is believed to suffer execution for some new crime; the *dénouement* need scarcely be told. It should be added, that one Castella, an amiable Florentine, is instrumental in the plot; the gravity of which is lightened by a Mrs. Patterson, a flirting widow, the sister of Sullivan, who takes every attention paid to her more attractive relative, to be directed at her. Her marriageableness leads her into several dilemmas, and altogether she is a full-blown flower of female vanity, admirably *Trollopiated*. After flying at various game, she

marries a boarding-house keeper at Carlsbad, "a perfect gentleman."

"It is needless to state that Lord and Lady Knaresborough were happy,—happy as finite beings are permitted to be. How could they be otherwise, knowing and appreciating as they did, each other's good and honourable principles? Their attachment could not prove evanescent: it had been cradled in silence and in hopelessness, nurtured in truth and purity; it had been chastened by severe sorrow and suffering, and was now enjoyed with a deep and holy feeling of trust and gratitude to that Almighty Power, who had seen fit to perfect their earthly happiness."

We need scarcely add our formal commendation of this stirring work, which has the interest of the olden novel, nicely blended with the refinement of that of the present day; and with these attractions it must prove a sterling addition to "the libraries." Three minor stories are appended: they are sketchy, but clever, and show the fair writer's aptitude in *daguerreotyping* characteristics.

### MOZART'S VIOLIN.

ABOUT fifty years ago, a poor dealer in nick-nacks and *bric-à-brac*, named Ruttler, took up his abode at the upper extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Joseph, at Vienna. The scanty profits of his little trade but ill sufficed for the support of a young wife and fourteen children. Ruttler, however, was kind-hearted, ever ready to serve his friends, and the needy traveller was never known to quit his door without the benefit of his advice or his charity. An individual, whose serious deportment and benevolent expression of countenance were calculated to inspire respect and interest, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. The individual in question was evidently struggling against the influence of a desperate malady; nature seemed no longer to have any charms in his eyes. A languid smile would, however, play around his discoloured lips, as Ruttler's children each morning saluted him on his passage, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On such occasions, his eyes were raised to heaven, and seemed in silence to implore for the young innocents an existence happier than his. Ruttler, who had remarked the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat every morning, on his return from his usual walk. The stranger frankly accepted the proffered civility, and Ruttler's children often warmly disputed with each other the prerogative of setting the humble stool before their father's guest. One day the stranger returned from his walk rather earlier than usual. Ruttler's children accosted him with smiles:—"Sir," said they, "mamma has this night given us a pretty little sister." Upon this the stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest child, presented himself in Ruttler's shop, and kindly asked after his wife. Ruttler, who was going out, confirmed his children's prattle; and, after thanking his guest for his inquiries, "Yes, sir," said he, "this is the fifteenth that Providence has sent us."—"Worthy man!" cried the stranger, in a tone of anxiety and sympathy; "and yet a scanty portion of the treasures showered on the courtiers of Schoenbrunn lights not on your humble dwelling. Age of iron! when talent, virtue, honour, are admired only when the tomb closes on them for ever! But," added he, "have you a god-father for the infant?"—"Alas, Sir! the poor man with difficulty finds a sponsor for his child. For my other children, I have usually claimed the good offices of some chance passer or neighbour as poor as myself."—"Call her Gabrielle. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, to which I invite myself, and by taking charge of which you will oblige me."

Ruttler hesitated. "Come, come," said the stranger, "take them; when you know me better, you will see that I am not unworthy to share your sorrows. But you can render me a service:—I perceive a violin in your shop; bring it me—here—to this table;—I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper." Ruttler hastily detached the violin from the peg to which it was suspended, and gave it to the stranger,



whose skill drew from the instrument such extraordinary sounds, that the street was soon filled with a crowd of inquisitive listeners. A number of personages of the highest distinction, recognising the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages.

The stranger, entirely engrossed by his composition, paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop. When he had terminated, he thrust into his pocket the paper on which he had been writing, left his address with Ruttler, and took leave of him, intimating that he should expect to receive due notice of the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger returned no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several people dressed in black, and their countenances impressed with the seal of woe, stopped before the humble seat, which they contemplated with sadness. Ruttler then determined to make some personal inquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He arrived at the house to which the stranger had addressed him. The door was hung with black, a coffin was illuminated with an immense quantity of wax-lights; a crowd of artists, of grandees, of scientific and literary men, deplored the fatal event that had taken place. For the first time the truth flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned with astonishment, that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest, his benefactor, the proposed godfather of his child—was Mozart! Mozart had exhaled his last melodious sigh at Ruttler's miserable threshold! Seated on the shapeless stool, he had composed his harmonious requiem, the last strain of Germany's expiring swan! The circumstances just detailed, brought Ruttler's establishment into vogue, and enabled him to amass a competence and provide for his fifteen children. Conformably to the wish expressed by Mozart, the youngest was named Gabrielle, and the violin on which the great composer had played a few days before his death, served as the marriage-portion of his god-daughter when she had attained the age of sixteen. The same violin was afterwards sold for 4000 florins. With the seat on which Mozart had sat, Ruttler never would consent to part, notwithstanding the tempting sums offered for it.—*Les Nuits Etoilées.*

### Varieties.

*Currants.*—When Mr. Wheeler visited Zante (1675), it was the island which principally supplied the currants so much used in England. He remarks, that these are a sort of small grapes, which, having formerly been cultivated near Corinth, the famous city of Greece, visited by St. Paul, were called *grapes of Corinth*, whence the name has been corrupted to currants. The island at this time produced as many currants as were sufficient to load five or six ships every year. A considerable quantity was produced also at Cephalonia, and

some of the other islands. Besides currants, Zante produced an abundance of olives, melons, peaches, citrons, oranges, and lemons, all of excellent quality. The peaches were so large that many of them weighed from ten to sixteen ounces each.

*Bon Mot.*—James Smith says:—"The people at Bath surpass the Athenian sage. He merely chewed the pebbles, but, according to the *Morning Herald*, 'At Bath the Victoria column is in every body's mouth.'" This reminds us of two friends meeting the day after a party, when one asked the other, "Did B—, (an uninvited one) bring up the dinner?" "How could he?" was the reply, "for he was not of the party."

*Deluge at Strawberry Hill.*—Walpole describes an overflow of the Thames as no less magnificent a circumstance than a deluge. \* \* \* "I had just time to collect a brace of gold fish; for, in the heat of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. \* \* \* It never came into my head before, that a rainbow office for insuring against water might be necessary. This is a true account of the late deluge."

"Witness our hands,  
Horace Noah.  
Catherine Noah, her X mark.  
Henry Shem.  
Louis Japhet.  
Peter Ham, &c."

*Hypochondriacism extraordinary.*—Among the dry, quaint, and philosophical scenes with which Mr. Neal's recent volumes of *Charcoal Sketches* abounds, we think this soliloquy of a loafer, who had been sleigh-riding and got "spilt," is inimitable:—"It's man's natur' I believe, and we can't help it nohow. As for me, I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat: pigs don't have to speculate and burst—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot is to be, get into sprees, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent-behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote. And then they haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin' their old pants—they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—bold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' to me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig sittin' on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head what got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs have too much sense to go a ridin', if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Doot, thoughtfully, and pulling Timpleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge joint,—"It's true, pigs have their troubles like humans—constables catches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs are sometimes almost as donever suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coaxin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never sees a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept on rum cherries."—*American Paper.*

### THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

With the present Number, I am concerned to state, the publication of THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL TERMINATES. The Proprietors do not consider that the prospects of THE JOURNAL warrant its continuation; although they feel that no exertion has been spared to reach the fair standard of remuneration.

As the Editor of THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, I beg to thank my numerous Correspondents: I have been flattered by their Communications, which certainly merited better fortune, whatever may be the estimation in which my individual labours are regarded. Nevertheless, this is not a solitary failure: for, during the past Eight Months, not a single literary enterprise, of "the periodical" class, has been even moderately successful; notwithstanding the most lavish outlay of money, and the enlistment of favouritism, in behalf of the works thus sought to be established. The causes of such failures are too numerous and questionable to be examined here; and the result is of more immediate importance.

For the proportion of support awarded to THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, I have to return my most sincere acknowledgments to the Public. Nor can I conscientiously close this work, without thanking the Critical Press for their generous opinions of THE JOURNAL, since it has been under my control. Of such unsolicited testimonials, there have been recorded nearly FIFTY in number; a circumstance to me of considerable personal gratification; as well as satisfactory evidence of the endeavours made to merit success, which has not, in this instance, been attained.

August 24, 1842.

J. T.

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